

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

Who sits out in the orchard bowers,
Blowing bubbles of apple-bloom?
Who washed the cheeks of the baby flower-
ers?
And swept the grass with a windy
broom?

Jack-a-Dreams, John-a-Dreams, radiant
fellow!
Busiest body from dawn till night;
Thrumming his tunes on rose and yellow,
And all the strings in the harp of light.

His are the boatings low in the valleys,
Cobweb cordage and woven keel;
He lights them over with dew, his gal-
lers.
And rides from the dock on Arachne's
wheel.

Jack-a-Dreams, John-a-Dreams, day's a-
dying!
Take up your brush and dabble the
west.

Leave us your pennon there a-flying,
Set with stars for a silver crest!
—Alice Brown, in St. Nicholas.

HE WILL COME BACK

By Edith Berkeley.

"WHEREVER he have
got to, he will be
twenty-six this morn-
ing," said Master John, "and
I will be Master John," said Nurse Cotter softly to
herself as she stood in a shady corner
of the old-fashioned garden, her eyes
bent upon a thick patch of sweet
violet leaves growing almost wild under
the mossy wall. "Planted them him-
self, he did, my pretty boy, when his
head was little higher than the kitch-
en table, and Miss Kitty helping, of
course. Always together, they was, and
now two years gone and no sign of
him. Master has altered a good
deal since the weary day he left us.
But for Miss Kitty, dear lamb, there
would hardly be a sound of life now
in the house. Oh! Master John, Mas-
ter John, do you think this day of your
sweetheart, Miss Kitty, of your home
and the old nurse as loves you?"

Very tenderly the old woman's wrink-
led, toll-worn hand touched the fresh,
green leaves, as memories of the sturdy
young rascal who had planted the
violets stole back to her heart. How
proud she had been of John! He was
the orphan nephew of her late mis-
tress, who had adopted him, but she
had died soon after Kitty's birth, and
it was Sarah Cotter who had taken
care of everything and worked early
and late for "them precious children,"
for her master, Sebastian Stuart, was
an absent, highly irritable man who
rarely quitted his study.

When the boy grew up rather wild
nurse declared that he was but high-
spirited, and whatever his faults he
was devoted to Miss Kitty, and that
no one could deny. But Kitty was the
one creature for whom her father
cared, and consequently he looked
with a jealous eye on his nephew, and
the least word from the lad was suf-
ficient to open the vials of his wrath.
Two years previously, when John had
come down to spend his birthday as
usual, his uncle had suddenly missed a
number of bank notes. Jack alone
had been in his study; Jack was
known to be in chronic difficulties, and
there was a terrible scene, ending in
the young fellow being ordered out
of the house, never to return or see
his cousin again.

He went, and the following autumn,
when nurse got out her master's win-
ter coat, there were the notes, crum-
pled up in a pocket, and she remem-
bered he had worn it last the week
before Master John had been home.
Then contrition, sharp and stern,
seized upon Sebastian Stuart, and he
advised diligently, but nothing was
heard of Jack, and time rolled on.

"Well, I must go and make my
cakes," nurse muttered, sadly turning
away. "Miss Kitty will have them,
like as he was coming down. Ah, dear!
it goes hard to lose them as you have
nursed and dressed and tended."

The violet patch seemed a favorite
spot that spring afternoon. Kitty
came there presently, and turning up
her frock went down on the damp soil
to search among the leaves for the
fragrant little flowers.

"It seems a long time to wait," she
confided to the mossy wall as she
stood against an old tree arranging
her blossoms, the bright sunlight fall-
ing on her chestnut head. "But if he
is alive he will come back. He never
broke a promise to me. There are al-
ways violets out for Jack's birthday.
I never knew them to fail."

"And we always wore half each and
now you are keeping them all," said
an eager voice behind her.

She turned to see a tall, bronzed
man; she turned to see her boy sweet-
heart, and the sad days, the lonely
months, were all forgotten as the two
who had carried the violets from the
woods and tended them as children
met in that shady corner again.

"He is so sorry, Jack," she said at
length, when the tale was told. "You
will not be hard on him, will you
dear?"

"Hush! Here he comes."
And strangely enough, a third vis-
itor came toward the bed of violets
now, a bent, dreamy-eyed old gentle-
man, who nearly passed them, and
then stopped abruptly.

"Jack, my boy, back again!" he
cried. "I was a wicked old man,
Jack. Can you forgive me?"

Of course he could, producing the
torn piece of paper on which was the
advertisement. In Havana he had
taken it to light his pipe and suddenly
caught sight of his own name.

"It has done me good, you know,"
he said in his deep, frank voice.
"Roughing it always does a fellow
good, if he puts his back into it. Now,
I want a birthday present from you,
uncle, one I shall know how to take
care of," and he drew Kitty forward.

It was with a curious mist in his eye
that Sebastian Stuart put her hand
into Jack's broad palm and blessed
them. He had made a terrible mis-
take; he had nearly wrecked two lives.
It is not always that things come out
right at last, and he was a thankful
man that day.

Spring evenings are chilly, and the
spotless kitchen, with its cheerful fire
and the scent of hot cakes seemed a
very pleasant place as the young cou-
ple stole up to the back door, much
as in the days of yore they had re-
turned from meadow or wood and
gone straight to their best friend.

"To think that he should have a-
come this very night, my own dear
boy!" murmured the old woman, after
another errand to the sitting room,
where on various pretexts she kept
going to look at Master John, to sur-
reptitiously lay a trembling hand on
his big shoulder, or the crisp hair that
had always been so hard to comb.
"Aye, the Lord has heard my prayers;
I have got both my children again,
and Master John will sleep in his own
little room again to-night!"—American
Queen.

A Dutch Fisherman's House.

The interior of one of these tiny
Katwijk houses is a study in simplic-
ity; the large room is kept for Sun-
days and for company—incidentally
serving as a bedroom for the family.
In the walls are sets of doors, like
cupboard doors; behind these are box-
like compartments in which are built
beds. The other room is kitchen and
living room. The old Dutch hearth is
in the corner; a copper kettle hangs
from the crane. The table before the
window, with its china coffee service
always ready, is a feature of every
home. In the cupboard are just
enough plates, knives and forks for
the family. Cleanliness seems the
watchword of every household, for
everything glistens from the brick door-
steps, where lie the white sabots, to
the fascinating brass and copper uten-
sils hanging about. The women's du-
ties are not many, their cares few;
having scrubbed the house within and
without they linger about street cor-
ners gossiping or stand for hours out
on the dunes, arms akimbo, looking
out to sea. But out in the fields they
do labor hard. Up through the gray
mist their sturdy figures loom darkly
as bending over hoe or stooping to the
earth they toil silently, patiently, from
dawn till dusk. Wives and daughters
of the fishermen spend many of their
days mending the huge nets, which,
stretched out over the dunes, envelop
them in a clinging veil of black. Along
the edges sit the women, wooden
needle and stout cord in hand, repair-
ing the great gaps and yawning holes,
stopping occasionally to drink a cup
of hot coffee brought out to them in
pots by the children.—Outing.

Making Lemons Sour.

How often does a lemon fail to live
up to its sour reputation! Until lately
American lemons were more likely
to thus fall than foreign ones, the rea-
son of which was that American grow-
ers did not know how to cure lemons.
The fruit was never tart enough.
There would be plenty of juice, but it
contained a high percentage of sugar
and a small percentage of acid, which
made it unmarketable. But a few
years ago the lemon growers clubbed
together and sent experts over to Italy
and Spain to learn the business, and
now they are producing much better
results. They pick the fruit before it
begins to turn yellow, and put it in a
curing house, where it is kept at an
even temperature of about fifty de-
grees for about twenty days, which
"sweats out" all the sugar. It is then
removed to another temperature for
sixty days more before it is ready for
the market. Thus the highest degree
of acid and the largest degree of juice
can be obtained. One of the curious
effects of this "sweating" process is to
reduce the thickness of the skin. It
originally grows thick and tough, but
the acid seems to eat it up.—Beverages.

Changing the Subject.

An original method of closing a con-
versation was adopted by a host at a
dinner party the other day. A young
man had turned it to a topic which he
did not care to discuss, and angry
glances failed to make any impression.
"Now, then," said the host at last,
"let's change the conversation. For
what we have received," etc.—London
Globe.

Composite Maxims.

A penny saved spoils the broth.
A fool and his money corrupt good
manners.
A word to the wise is a dangerous
thing.
A guilty conscience is the mother of
invention.—The Century.



Time Always Gets Its Revenge.

Here's a little truth sublime,
Full of wisdom deep:
No man's ever beaten time
By stealing it from sleep.
—Philadelphia Record.

At His Tailor's.

"It's a magnificent suit, sir."
"Yes; what a pity I don't fit it."—In-
dianapolis News.

Unwelcome Knowledge.

Mother—"What is baby crying about
now?"

Bobby—"Cos I took his cake an'
showed 'im how to eat it."—Boston
Globe.

Woman's Aims.

"Why is a woman such a poor shot?"
queried the Simple Mug.
"Give it up," said the Wise Guy.
"Because she aims at Mrs."—Phila-
delphia Record.

And Enjoys It.

"Do you get a rest every summer,
Mr. Shaddis?"
"Oh, yes, thank goodness; I'm only
in business—I'm not in society."—De-
troit Free Press.

Hands Off.

"What have you got that sign 'Hands
Off' posted outside your works for?"
asked the curious individual.
"Because," returned the jocular mill
owner, "my men are on strike."—Phila-
delphia Record.

A Plausible Defence.

Sunflower—"I'm good for lots of
things; you don't work at all, do you?"
Castor-bean Plant—"Don't work?
Say, where did you think the furniture
factories got all their bureaus, bed and
chair rollers?"—Chicago Record-Her-
ald.

Amiability Itself.

"I am afraid that my conversation
is uninteresting," said Willie Wish-
ington.
"Don't let the thought trouble you,"
answered Miss Cayenne, sweetly. "I
was a little bit sleepy anyhow."—
Washington Star.

A Candid Announcement.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "de
world owes us a living."
"Yes," answered Meandering Mike,
"but in order to collect it we've gotter
do somethin' to convince de world dat
we're alive. An' dat's too much
trouble."—Washington Star.

Bad Operation.

Boynton—"Harding tells me he is
suffering from an operation."
Sawyer—"I hadn't heard of it. Sur-
gical, of course?"

Boynton—"No, this was a financial
operation. Gibbons borrowed \$10 of
him yesterday."—Boston Transcript.

The Literary Merry-Go-Round.

Stubbs—"Whenever I write a poem
I hustle it off to an editor as soon as
possible."

Skitts—"Any special reason?"
Stubbs—"Why, you simpleton, I
want to get it back again as soon as
possible."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Timely Warning.

He—"Do you think a man wants to
wear bracelets?"

She—"Well, if a man wants to wear
bracelets I think he ought to wear
them, so that everybody will know
he is the kind of man that wants to
wear bracelets."—Chicago Record-
Herald.

Consideration.

Delighted Client—"I understand you
have won damages for me!"

Attorney—"Yes, sir—ten dollars."
Delighted Client—"Good! What are
your charges?"

Attorney—"In view of the small
damages awarded I will reduce my
fee to fifty dollars."—Ohio State Jour-
nal.

Candor.

"I suppose," said the effusive lady
who was visiting the Meektons, "that
your wife is sure that she has the best
husband that ever lived?"

"Yes," answered Meekton, with
something like a sigh, "but at the same
time I don't believe she thinks that is
saying much for me."—Washington
Star.

Not Worried.

"Can you understand all of Shakes-
peare's works?" asked one student.

"No," answered the other. "But I
don't let it worry me. I don't believe
Shakespeare himself could have under-
stood some of the things he wrote after
the stage managers and literary
commentators got through with them."
—Washington Star.

A Great Help.

Wife—"Never mind if you have
failed, dear. I have \$1500 saved up
from the pin-money that you have
given me from time to time."

Husband (joyfully)—"You make me
feel easier. What a help!"

Wife—"Help! I should say so. Why,
on this money I can keep up my ward-
robe for a year to come."—Leslie's
Weekly.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Discusses a Visit of Mrs. Arp to
Daughter and Grandchildren.

TALKS IN A HIGHLY PLEASING STRAIN

Reverts to Many Matters that Will Re-
joice His Better Half When
She Returns Home.

My wife went off to the country to
spend the day with one of our daugh-
ters and her children. We expected
her to return that evening, but got a
message that she would spend the
night and the next day and maybe
longer. Thinks I to myself, she wants
me to send her word to come home,
and I won't. It has been a long time
since the runaway. We missed her,
but made no sign. Her chair was vac-
ant. Her familiar voice was no long-
er heard. The pantry keys hung sil-
ent on the nail. Nobody called me
from the window to stop working in
the garden and rest while the sun was
so hot. Nobody to say the flour is
out or the hominy or the lard or some-
thing else, for something is always out
at our house. Little grandchildren
come to see us and don't stay long
"cos granma ain't here." Everything
looks like a funeral. Lonesome isent
the word for it. There isent any word
for the feeling when the maternal an-
cestor is not cruising around; when
we cant hear the rustle of her dress,
nor the sound of her voice nor see her
stitching away on some infantile gar-
ment or reading over again the last
letter from the far away boys.

But the girls gave me a hint and
said now was a good time to paint the
kitchen and surprise her, for she has
been talking about those old dirty,
dingy, smoky walls ever and anon once
or thrice in awhile. So I opened my
big heart and little purse and sent for
the painter to come early in the morn-
ing. He came and did a nice job of it
in a day. The kitchen looks like a
parlor. The cook woman caught on to
the surprise party and scoured the ta-
bles and the tinware and then went
home and put on a clean, new dress.
My wife came home this morning. We
gave her a kind welcome, but made
no sign. She was glad to get home
and indulged in more hilarity than usual.
She cruised around looking at fam-
iliar things and places. Soon she
wandered toward the kitchen and we
kept in hailing distance and watched
her. Suddenly there was a scream of
delight as she looked in at the open
door. "Well, I do declare. Did I ever."
That is all she said just then, for she
turned and came hastily to me and
kissed me. She took me by surprise,
for she quit kissing me years ago. That
kiss more than paid for the paint and
the painting. These little sweet sur-
prises are the best part of domestic
life. They beat wealth and high life
and political honors and fame, and are
the next thing to religion, for they are
founded in love.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love
And feed its sacred flame."

These are the songs of birds in the
trees—the flowers by the wayside that
comfort us in the journey of life. Song
birds and flowers! There is nothing in
the wide world that gives such empha-
sis to the love of God for His crea-
tures. We need food and raiment and,
of course, the human family would per-
ish without them. But the birds and
flowers are extra gifts to minister to
our senses, our emotions. How fortunate
for us that as we grow older we
love them better. When I was a very
busy man and had ambition to rise in
the world and advance my wife and
children I cared little for birds or flow-
ers, but now they are my especial
pleasure. Now I understand the mean-
ing of that beautiful verse, "Consider
the lilies how they grow." They toil
not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon
in all his glory was not arrayed like
one of these." He who provideth food
for the ravens and takes notice of every
sparrow that falls to the ground
will surely take care of us if we trust
Him. I believe there are but two kinds
of flowers named in the Bible—the
rose of Sharon and the lily of the val-
ley—and these two stand pre-eminent
today for beauty and fragrance. Of
late I have been watching the rose-
buds as they unfold their leaves and
open into beauty. How wonderfully
they are folded upon the little cone
and every layer is waiting for its time
and turn to come forth and breathe
the air and take on colors from God's
sunlight. No human fingers could re-
fold them and make a bud again. The
birth of a beautiful rose is a miracle.
It passeth comprehension and excites
our wonder only. Just so is the feath-
er of a bird. The microscope shows
the most wonderful mechanism in its
delicately woven fabric—its strength
and its gossamer lightness. Then
look carefully at the fringe work of the
seed pods that shoot up from the dan-

dellon. Human fingers cannot
proach them in structure. They are
exquisite and must come from the
hand of God. There is a limit to the
perfection of everything that is made
by man, but there is none of the work
of nature. The finest cambric made
looks like a blunt pointed file under
the microscope, but the point of the
bee's sting is invisible. I wish that
the young folks would sometimes stop
and think and study nature. It will
refine them in thought and feeling and
excite a reverence for their Creator.
How beautifully the great poets write
about flowers. One says, "The most
blest flower that blooms something
gives thought too deep for tears."
And 'tis my faith that every flower
joys the air it breathes." Some
flowers seem vain and some are modest.
From my window I see the rambler
cannas and the proud and lofty gladi-
olus strutting to the morning sun, not
far away are the humble violets half
hiding from the light. Temperance
says, "Any nose can ravage the scent
of a flower, but only the pure in heart
have a right to." I am an early riser
and every bright morning I visit the
garden and inspect the flowers for the
night has opened and cut enough
for a fresh vase at the breakfast table.
The neighbors' chickens annoy me
for my garden is their feeding ground
and they scratch the barn yard manure
from my plants. So on yesterday I got
some chicken wire and stretched it
along the fence. But I forgot to close
the gate and they came in, and when
I got after them they put their heads
through the meshes and got fast. I
had fun with those chickens and they
will not come back any more. The
gardens are fine this fall. The second
crop of beans and potatoes are a
hand. Turnip greens and mushrum-
rooms abound. A few tomatoes are still
left and my good neighbor, Yarbrough,
preacher, sends us some of his home-
grown ones every few days. His Crime-
Whirlwind is the finest variety I have
ever seen. Verily the times have fallen
to us in pleasant places. Day and
night uttereth speech and night
showeth knowledge. Miss Sam
will be rescued, I reckon, not because
she is a missionary in a barbarous
country, but because she is an Amer-
ican woman. The best opinion is that
she had no business going there. Our
people have got more sense and are
not drumming up women for mis-
sionaries to uncivilized countries. It is
strange what a passion some people
have for long distance charity. The
statistics show 65,000 arrests in Bos-
ton the last fiscal year, and yet Boston
sends missionaries to Turkey and
preachers and teachers for the negroes
in the south. Georgia has only 1,600
white convicts in her penitentiary while
Massachusetts, with only a little
larger population, has 1,600, and
New York state, with three times the
population of Georgia, has 3,600 con-
victs, besides numerous reformatories
with several thousand inmates. The
truth is, that every state and every
large city has enough of the lawless
the ignorant and the destitute to ex-
cor, and it is mistaken charity to go
look them and hunt for misery afar
off. But we are getting along fairly
well in this blessed land and have much
to be thankful for that our northern
brethren have not. May the Lord bless
and guide the president in our prayers.
The south does not expect him to
neutralize his party on the protective tar-
iff or any other republican principle. It
does expect him to appoint the best
men to office, regardless of their po-
itics. And if his party kicks and thins
as the whigs did John Tyler, let
him say as Tyler said to Clay and
others, "Gentleman, you cannot scare
me. My back is against the wall and I
veto these bills." Tyler was a man
and a conscientious statesman, but
he was too pure a man to please
either party, and, of course, was
nominated for the next president.
That may be Roosevelt's fate. We
shall see.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Con-
stitution.

If you have something to sell,
the people know it. An advertisement
in this paper will do the work.

CROP WILL FALL SHORT.

Agricultural Commissioners Estimate
Cotton Yield at 9,500,000 Bales.
The convention of cotton states com-
missioners of agriculture adjourned
sine die at Hot Springs, Ark., Thurs-
day afternoon. A report of the com-
mittee on uniform fertilizer guaran-
tees and laws was the feature of the
closing day's session. It recommended
to the legislatures of the cotton states
that a law be passed similar to that
now in force in the state of Georgia.
The estimate of the commissioners
of the cotton crop for 1901 is 9,500,000
bales. This estimate is based on an
examination and state reports and the
observation of the commissioners. It is
about one-half million bales less than
the government estimate of 10,000,000
per cent of a full crop would be. The
Commissioner Hill, of Arkansas, es-
timated the crop of his state at 600,000
bales, as against \$12,000 last year.
The association adjourned at 10 o'clock
in Nashville next morning.